Tanya Nguyen

William Howard

Quartermaster of Queen Anne’s Revenge

Durin’ the War o’ Spanish Succession, I was bein’ a quartermaster in th’ Royal Scottish Navy, which was under the command of the Dutch Republic. Halfway through th’ war, aye me thinks it was ‘round 1707, th’ Acts of Union was passed, unitin’ Th’ Kingdom o’ England and th’ Kingdom o’ Scotland into one grand ole kingdom-- Great Britain. Let me tell ye, this be Union was a mess. Them Royal Navy’s joined toge’er and them English knaves, th’ hornswaggling, scally wags were the worst Jack Tars I e’er seen. Me wents and staged a mutiny and marooned a small sloop of the coast of Nassau. Aye, me went straight for th’ “Pirate’s Haven.” As the great, honourable lad I be, I handsomely found me self a place as quartermaster on Cap’n Blackbeard’s crew.

With th’ end o’ th’ War of Spanish Succession and th’ signing of the Treaty of Utrecht and th’ Treaty of Rastatt, thousands of privateers we’e scatter’d ‘cross th’ Caribbean, plunderin’ and lootin’ ships. Them scabbard dogs we’e sanction’d by their government, and their ‘ctions were only legitimiz’d if they a’ttacked them fleets flying ‘n enemy flag. ‘fter the War halted, many a privateer were left without no swag and turned to th’ sweet trade, swarmin’ th’ seas and plunderin’ ships. Aye, but i’ll tell ye now, the best mate of all be Cap’n Blackbeard, the scourge of the seven seas. His fleet be terrorizin’ th’ coast for some time now. Once *La Concorde,* a mere slave ship, our renam’d flagship, *The Queen Anne’s Revenge* be a bloomin; beauty to behold. After bein’ plundered and captur’d near Martinique by Cap’n Hornigold who gave it to Cap’n Blackbeard, we now ‘ave o’er 40 cannons and railguns aboard. We commandeer most, if not all them merchants ships we come ‘cross, looting all the swag and Nelsons folly.

As th’ Quartermaster of th’ greatest fleet in the seven seas, me be the mast o’ th’ ship, th’ centre piece no doubt ‘bout it, in the daily workings o’ the’crew and th’ ship itself. Me be second only to th’ cap’n, as me be outrankin’ all other officers on board. Me jobs include relayin’ th’ wants and needs o’ th’ crew to th’ cap’n, and makin’ sure all the crew are workin’ at th’ best o’ their ability. If any o’ them bilge rats be steppin’ out o’ line, they’ll be kissing the gunner’s daughter faster than me can load me pistol. Them knaves loaded to the gunwall and runin’ a rig on me, will be gettin’ th’ nine tails. Me commands respect from me crew and th’ cap’n as well, just like me did as Quartermaster in th’ Royal Scottish Navy.

Me matey, me great grand heartie Thomas Miller, we be workin’ as quartermaster toge’er and be bondin’ o’er our distaste o’ them hornswaggling english. Nothin’ like a old fashioned rivalry to keep the boredom at bay. O’ course, in th’ end, me matey Miller be hangin’ the jib as me results are always better than ‘is.

Th’ seas are a stormy place, and a pirate ne’er lets them loyalties lie too deep. Cap’n Blackbeard takes care o’ his crew and he’s ne’er done me wrong, so me ties me support to ‘im for th’ meantime. But let me tell ye, loyalties no nay ne’er exist on a pirate ship. So if a chance comes and th’ cap’n be goin’ down to Davy Jones’ Locker, no way be me going down with him.